

Ripples

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Ripples

by [celestialwarden](#)

Summary

This is just a little collection of oneshots based in the Vibrations universe that I'm doing for fun. A lot of them will be crack, but a few will fit within canon. Happy reading!

Notes

This is a repost of my April Fool's Day prank I added to the end of Vibrations. I'll probably leave the original chapter up for a week or so and then delete it so new readers don't get confused. Don't worry though, it'll live on here <3

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

His stomach dropped.

Without any words between them, Tommy, Tubbo, and Sean ran to the center of the village, the others not far behind.

The square was empty except for one.

A man in a green jacket and white mask stood by the fountain, hand still wrapped around the bell's clapper. The moon was just starting to rise, a sliver of white behind the man's head almost like a halo.

Dream looked Tommy up and down, mask tilting slightly with his head.

"Well, this is a surprise."

Tommy focused on his breathing. In and out. Sean was to his left, Ranboo to his right with Clementine in his arms. Tubbo was in front of them both. Everything was fine.

"Funny seeing you 'round here, Dream," Techno drawled, "last I heard, you left the SMP with your tail between your legs."

Tommy could see Sean stiffen at the name. He had forgotten that they'd never met, and now Sean was facing the man in Tommy's nightmares.

Dream shrugged. "I had to retreat—bide my time, look for an opportunity." The mask faced Tommy, two black dots boring through his skull. "I think I found it."

Tommy ached to curl a finger around Sean's belt, brush shoulders, anything, just to feel a little more grounded, but he knew Dream was watching. He never stopped. Attachments. They were Dream's specialty, and he loved to use them. Loved to use Tommy's. So he kept his hands on his sword and eyes forward.

"Dream, if you have no business in this village, I suggest you leave," Tommy said. His voice was steady.

Dream took a moment to gaze at the buildings around them. "Aren't you excited to see me, Tommy? I thought you'd miss your best friend."

Tommy grit his teeth. "Have you been watching this whole time, then, just waiting to show your ugly fucking face?"

"No, actually. You did a good job of covering your tracks. By the time I noticed you left, there were barely any traces left, and I lost you in the Nether."

Ender, his first Nether trip. That had been a fucking disaster. Tommy almost died and had his first panic attack, and yet that had been what saved his life. He could feel phantom heat on

his chest.

“Actually,” Dream started, “I was just following Techno and Phil, you know, the whole ‘keep your enemies closer’, and they led me right to you! I’ll have to give them my thanks later, I would hate to owe Techno something.” His voice was coated in a sickly-sweet flavor, just like the wither roses Phil loved to use for decoration.

Techno tensed at whatever hidden barb Dream had thrown at him, but Tommy didn’t have the time nor the patience to unpack all that. He had to keep cool, focus on the conversation. If he slipped, Dream’s words would drag him down like river rapids on a rainy day.

Tommy rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah, you guys can go have your villain sleepovers and poke sticks at each other later. Are you leaving or not?”

“That’s no way to talk to an old friend.”

“Oh fuck off, Dream. You said it yourself, you lost me. I’ve had years to get you out of my head, and I’ve done it. I’m not just gonna follow you back to the SMP, so you might as well leave and never come back, thank you.”

There was silence for a moment. Tommy noticed Techno’s fingers tighten and relax around the hilt of his sword.

“I may have let you go—” let me go? “—but it’s your fault for forgetting the rules. I’m sure you wouldn’t think the same if this village hadn’t let you think you actually mattered. I thought you hated pity?”

Sean stepped forward—just slightly, but enough to draw attention to him. He pulled his bow off his shoulder and strung an arrow. “It’s not pity, you absolute piece of filth. Just because no one cares about you doesn’t mean you have to project your insecurities onto Tommy.”

Tommy appreciated the gesture, he really did, and he would have time to cry over those words later, hopefully, but Sean had just put a target on his heart. Tommy tugged Sean back by his wrist and did what he did best—made sure all attention was on him.

“He’s right. I don’t see Sapnap and George around, and I thought you and Techno were friends, but last I heard he kicked your ass out of town. Are you just jealous that they have people that love them because you’ll never be able to say that once they take a good look at that thing you like to call a face?”

Well. Tommy may have laid it on a bit thick. Oops.

Dream’s sword materialized in his hand, and Tommy’s heart dropped.

“You should control your pets, Tommy, we wouldn’t want something unfortunate to happen,” Dream said.

Tommy’s eyes skated across the group next to them. Ranboo was the only one without a weapon in his hand, choosing instead to carry Clementine with one and hold his shield with

the other. Tubbo had out a glistening axe, held tightly by his shoulder. Beside them, Techno and Phil held their sword and bow respectively.

This wasn't going to end peacefully. Dream was obviously here to fight, and as much as Tommy would've liked to rely on the others, he knew there was a reason Dream chose here to fight. He had something up his sleeve, some trick, and Tommy needed to be prepared to stand alone.

No attachments.

Sean wouldn't run, even if Tommy begged him to. He would have to figure out a way to get him out of the fight before it escalated, but there wasn't enough time. Tommy would deal with it later.

"Ranboo," Tommy whispered, "take her as far as you can, okay?"

He snuck one last look at Clementine. She was curled into Ranboo, happy to just listen to his heart and pearlbeat. She'd be okay.

"Tommy, wh—?"

"Go!" Tommy shouted, tensing and lifting his sword as Dream took a leap forward.

BANG!

Tommy's vision whited out for a split second, ears ringing from the blast. When it came back, the first thing he saw was Dream clutching his stomach.

There was red spreading beneath his hand.

Dream dropped to his knees, face contorting in pain. His sword dropped out of his hand, clattering as it hit the cobblestone path.

Tommy couldn't wrap his brain around what was happening.

There was blood pooling around Dream now, and his face was turning pale. Tommy couldn't see the wound behind Dream's hand and armor, but it didn't look good.

"Dream?" Tommy said, and he could hear himself in his ears.

Dream crumpled, his body hitting the ground with a thud.

He didn't move.

"Uh, Tommy?" Ranboo said.

Tommy turned towards him, and his mouth dropped.

Clementine, his sweet, innocent child, was holding a... glock? It was clutched in her two chubby baby hands, one wrapped around the trigger and the other still pointing the barrel at

Dream's body.

BANG!

This time, Tommy saw the flash as the bullet left the gun. Both Clementine and Ranboo jerked from the kickback, but Clementine didn't seem to mind and Ranboo looked too in shock to do anything.

Dream's body jolted from the impact but didn't move anymore. There wasn't any way he was still alive.

BANG!

The body jerked again, still slowly leaking blood from the multiple bullet holes.

"Clem," Tommy choked out, "I think he's dead."

Clem giggled, and Tommy knew she would've been clapping her hands if they weren't filled with a deadly weapon.

"Can't she hear heartbeats?" Phil asked, looking slightly pained.

Sean nodded. "She definitely can."

They all stared at Dream's body, not exactly sure what to do next. Tommy wasn't sure why Dream wasn't respawning, but he wasn't complaining.

"Is, uh, is anyone gonna take the gun out of the toddler's hand," Ranboo said weakly.

Silently, Techno reached over and plucked it out of Clementine's hand.

She blew a raspberry at him, crossing her arms. "No fun!"

"Fun," Ranboo echoed.

"Is no one gonna question where she got the glock?" Tubbo asked.

Tommy shook his head. "I don't think I want to know."

No one else said anything. The silence was potent.

"Who else wants to go back to the house and forget this ever happened?" Sean suggested.

Techno raised his hand, and the others nodded in agreement. Tommy just shrugged.

"Good enough for me."

As they turned around, leaving Dream's body behind them, Clem held out her arms for Tommy to take her. He pulled her into his arms and tried to ignore the smell of gunpowder.

Clem wrapped her arms around Tommy's neck, burying her face into the crook of his neck.

“More shooty?”

Tommy snorted. “No more shooty, Clem.”

She pouted but didn’t complain anymore, and Tommy felt a little proud. His baby girl, his sweetheart, was all grown up and committing homicide on her own. He couldn’t be happier.

<3

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